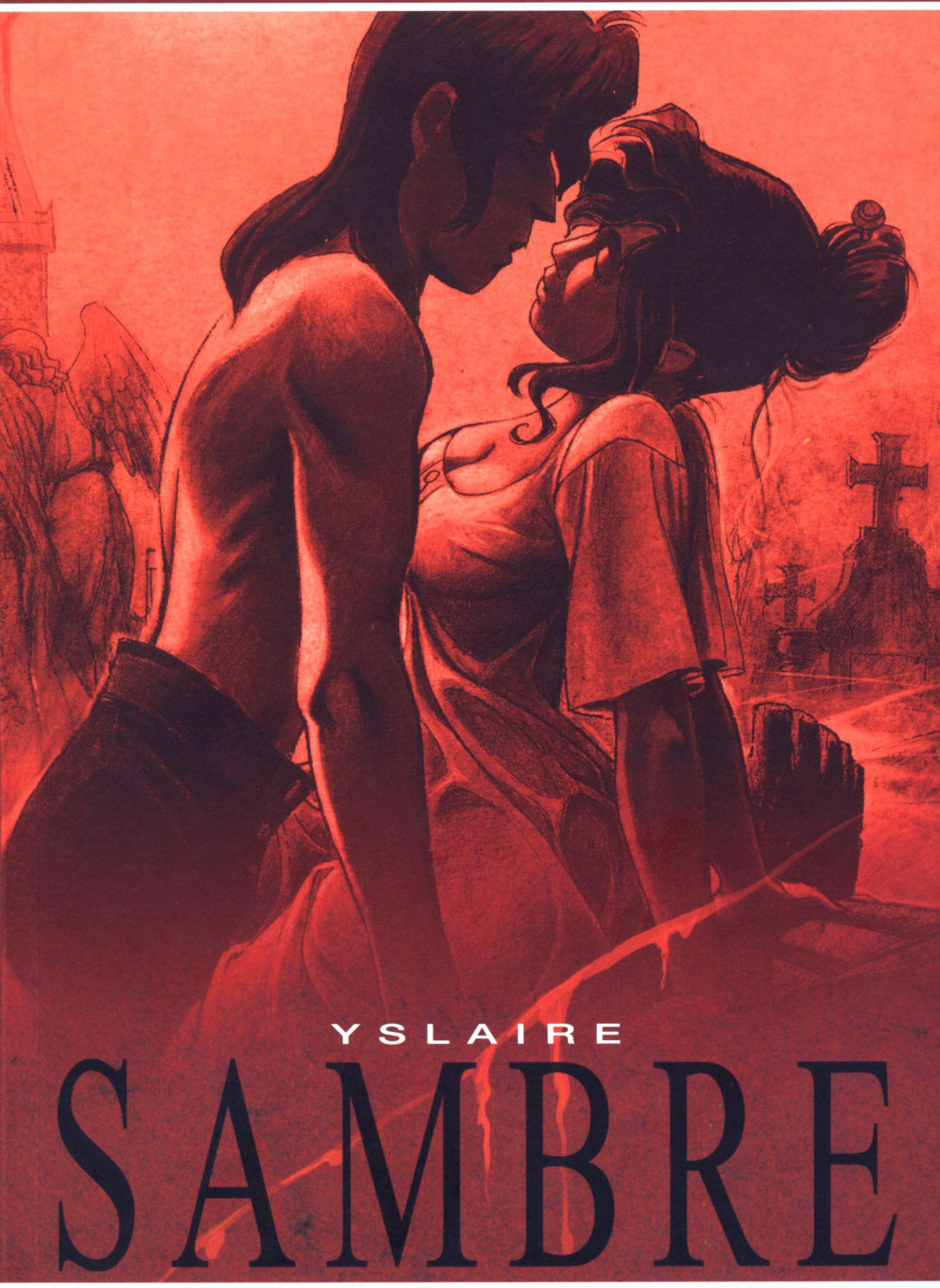
YSLAIRE
SAMBRE

YSLAIRE

CHAPTER 1 – THE SECOND GENERATION (1847 – 1848)

SAMBRE

Forever Nevermore

Testi
YSLAIRE
con la partecipazione di **BALAC**

Disegni e colori
YSLAIRE

Lettering
ANO

Translation
OUASH

Supervisione
ENRICO FORNAROLI

100% CULT COMICS: SAMBRE
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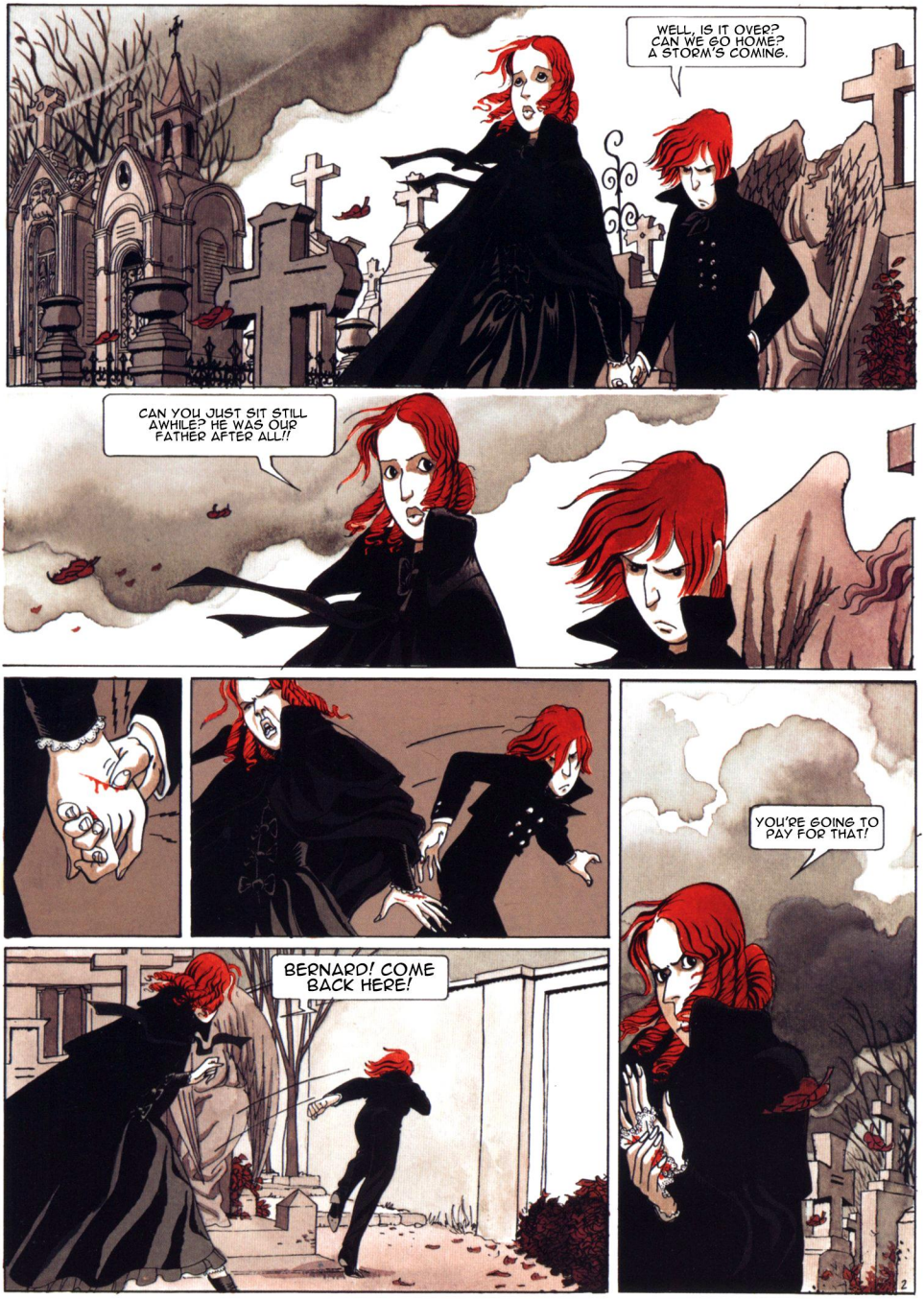
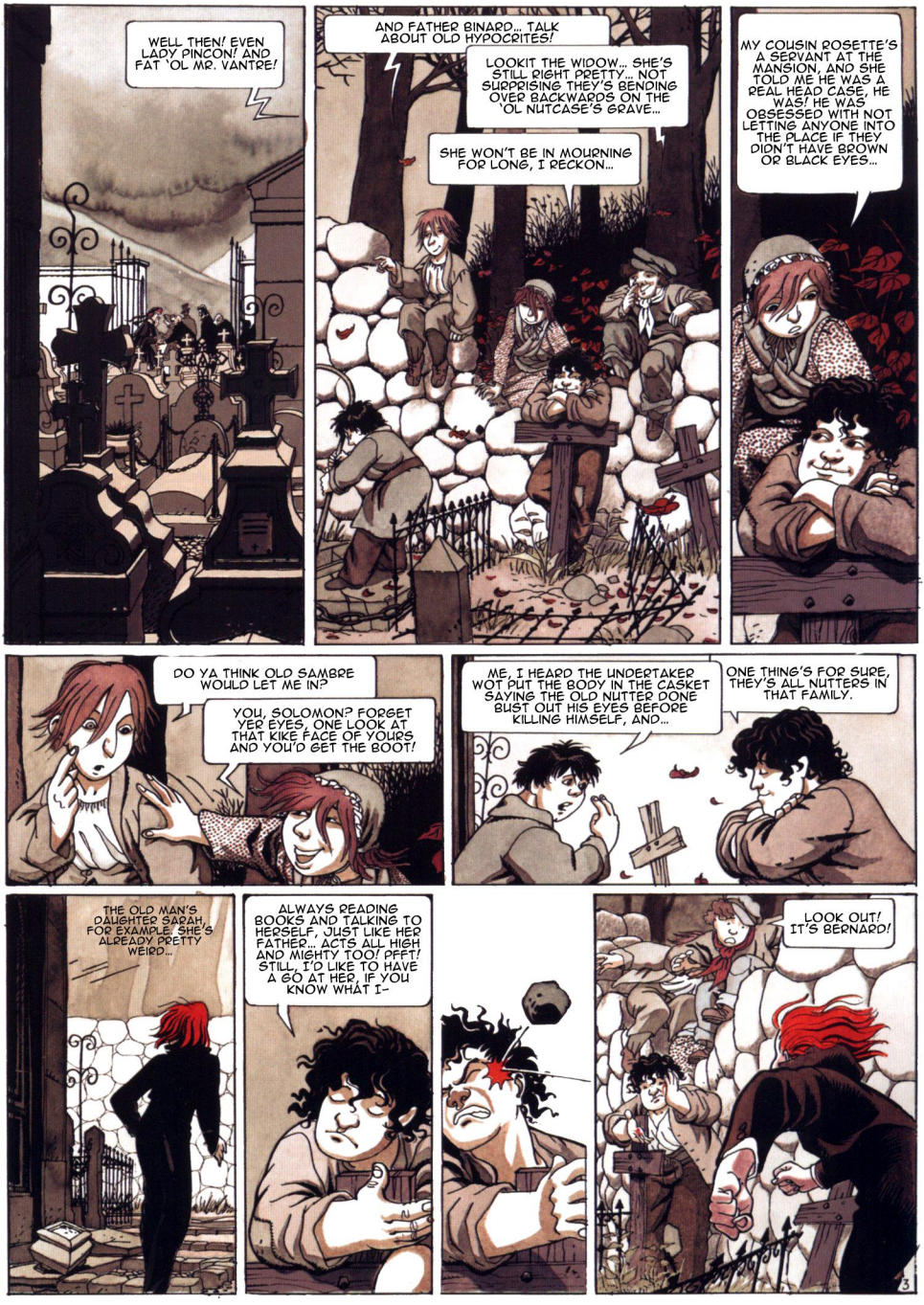
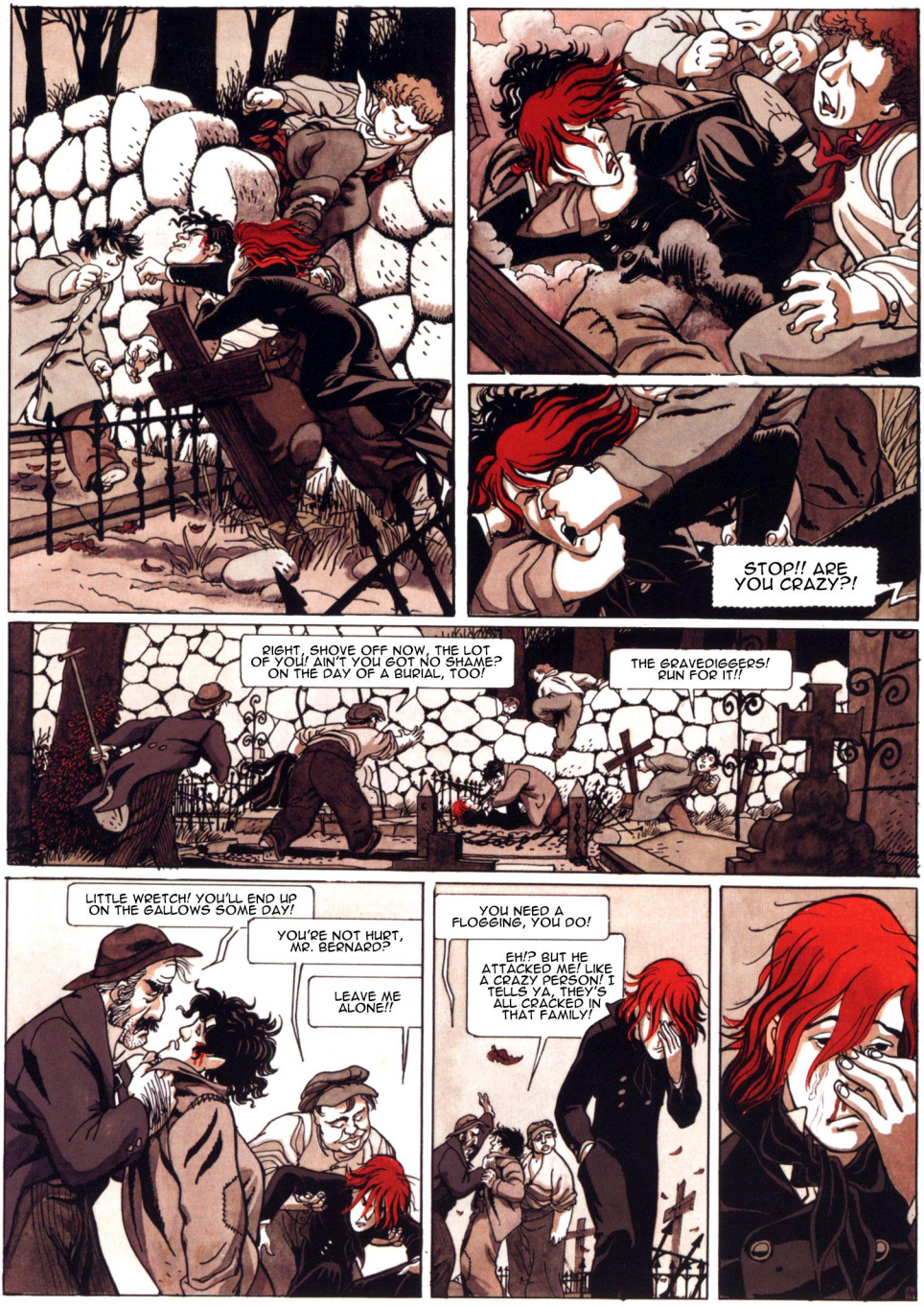
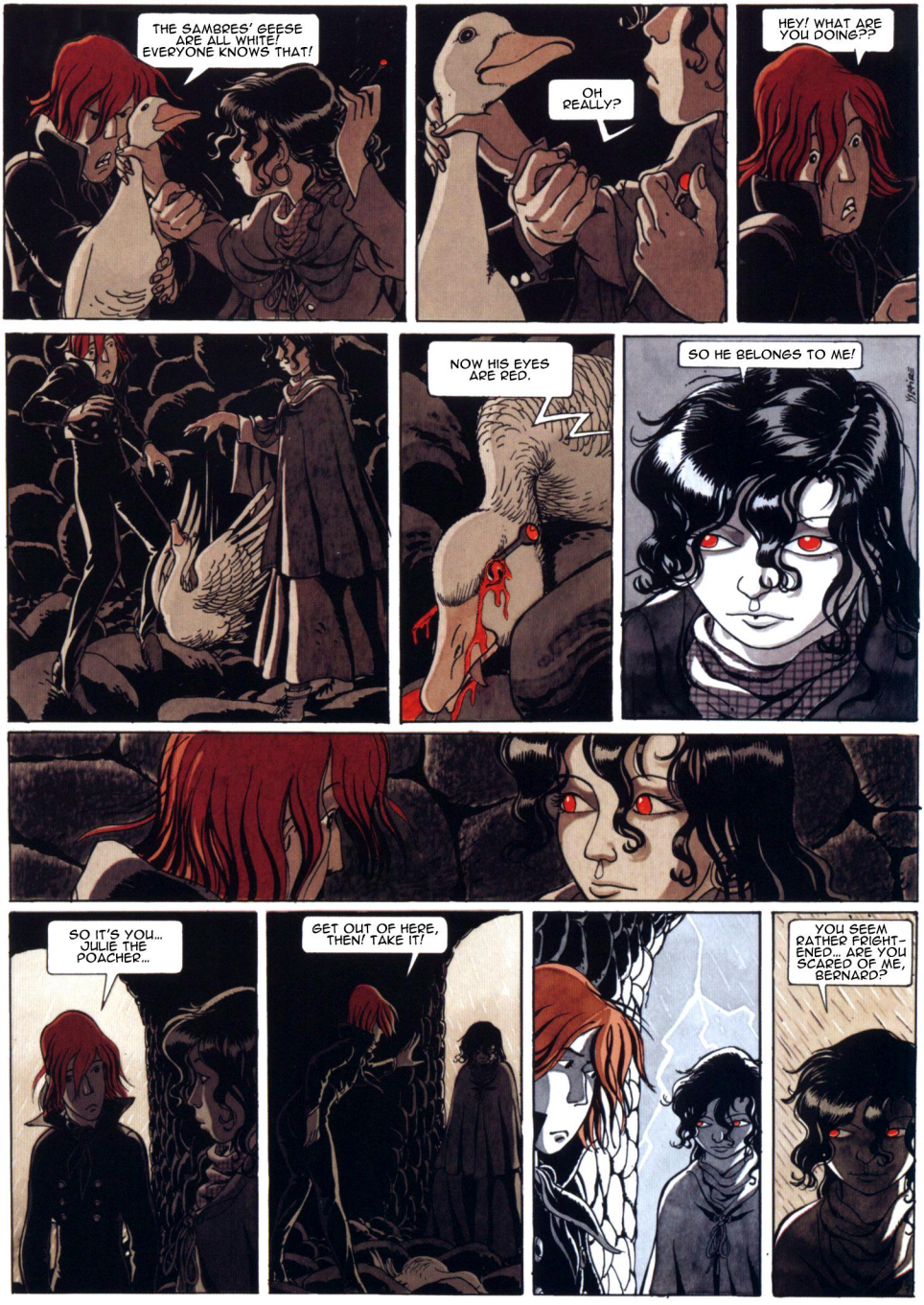
Chaoter One


WELL, IS IT OVER? CAN WE GO HOME? A STORM'S COMING.
CAN YOU JUST SIT STILL AWHILE? HE WAS OUR FATHER AFTER ALL!!
YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THAT!
BERNARD! COME BACK HERE!

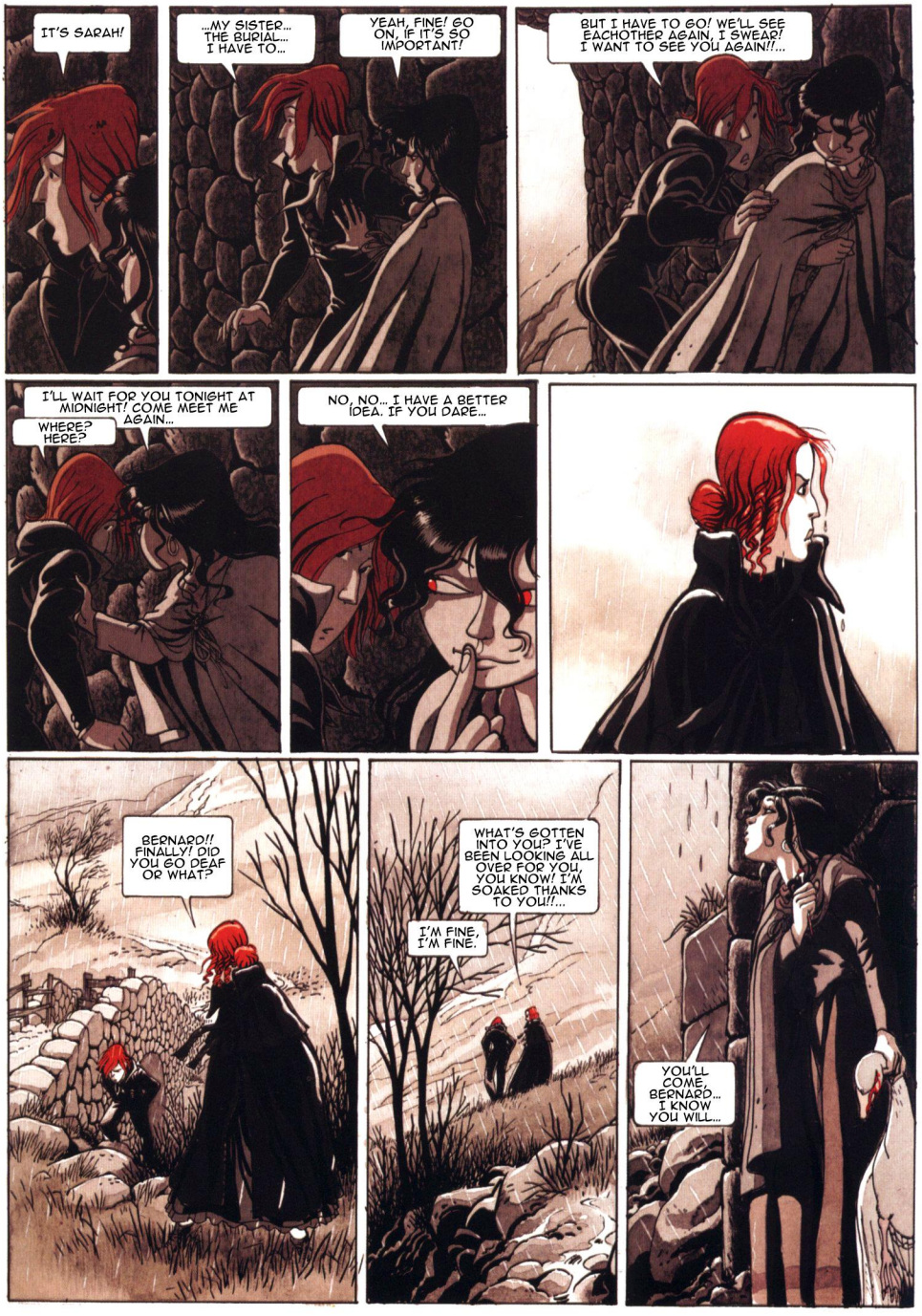

WELL THEN! EVEN LADY PINCON! AND FAT 'OL MR. VANTRE!
AND FATHER BINARD... TALK ABOUT OLD HYPOCRITES!
LOOKIT THE WIDOW... SHE'S STILL RIGHT PRETTY... NOT SURPRISING THEY'S BENDING OVER BACKWARDS ON THE 'OL NUTCASE'S GRAVE...
SHE WON'T BE IN MOURNING FOR LONG, I RECKON...
MY COUSIN ROSETTE'S A SERVANT AT THE MANSION, AND SHE TOLD ME HE WAS A REAL HEAD CASE, HE WAS! HE WAS OBSESSED WITH NOT LETTING ANYONE INTO THE PLACE IF THEY DIDN'T HAVE BROWN OR BLACK EYES...
DO YA THINK OLD SAMBRE WOULD LET ME IN?
YOU, SOLOMON? FORGET YER EYES, ONE LOOK AT THAT KIKE FACE OF YOURS AND YOU'D GET THE BOOT!
ME, I HEARD THE UNDERTAKER WOT PUT THE BODY IN THE CASKET SAYING THE OLD NUTTER DONE BUST OUT HIS EYES BEFORE KILLING HIMSELF, AND...
ONE THING'S FOR SURE, THEY'S ALL NUTTERS IN THAT FAMILY.
THE OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER SARAH, FOR EXAMPLE. SHE'S ALREADY PRETTY WEIRD...
ALWAYS READING BOOKS AND TALKING TO HERSELF, JUST LIKE HER FATHER... ACTS ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY TOO! PFFT! STILL, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A GO AT HER, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I-
LOOK OUT! IT'S BERNARD!
3


STOP!! ARE YOU CRAZY?!
RIGHT, SHOVE OFF NOW, THE LOT OF YOU! AIN'T YOU GOT NO SHAME? ON THE DAY OF A BURIAL, TOO!
THE GRAVEDIGGERS! RUN FOR IT!!
LITTLE WRETCH! YOU'LL END UP ON THE GALLOWS SOME DAY!
YOU'RE NOT HURT, MR. BERNARD?
LEAVE ME ALONE!!
YOU NEED A FLOGGING, YOU DO!
EH!? BUT HE ATTACKED ME! LIKE A CRAZY PERSON! I TELLS YA, THEY'S ALL CRACKED IN THAT FAMILY!

WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU HIDING IN THE SHADOWS?
HUH? STOP...
I TOLD YOU TO STOP!!
THIEF! THIS GOOSE BELONGS TO US, THE SAMBRES!
PROVE IT! ALL GEESE LOOK THE SAME!!


THE SAMBRES' GEESE ARE ALL WHITE! EVERYONE KNOWS THAT!
OH REALLY?
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING??
NOW HIS EYES ARE RED.
SO HE BELONGS TO ME!
SO IT'S YOU... JULIE THE POACHER...
GET OUT OF HERE, THEN! TAKE IT!
YOU SEEM RATHER FRIGHTENED... ARE YOU SCARED OF ME, BERNARD?

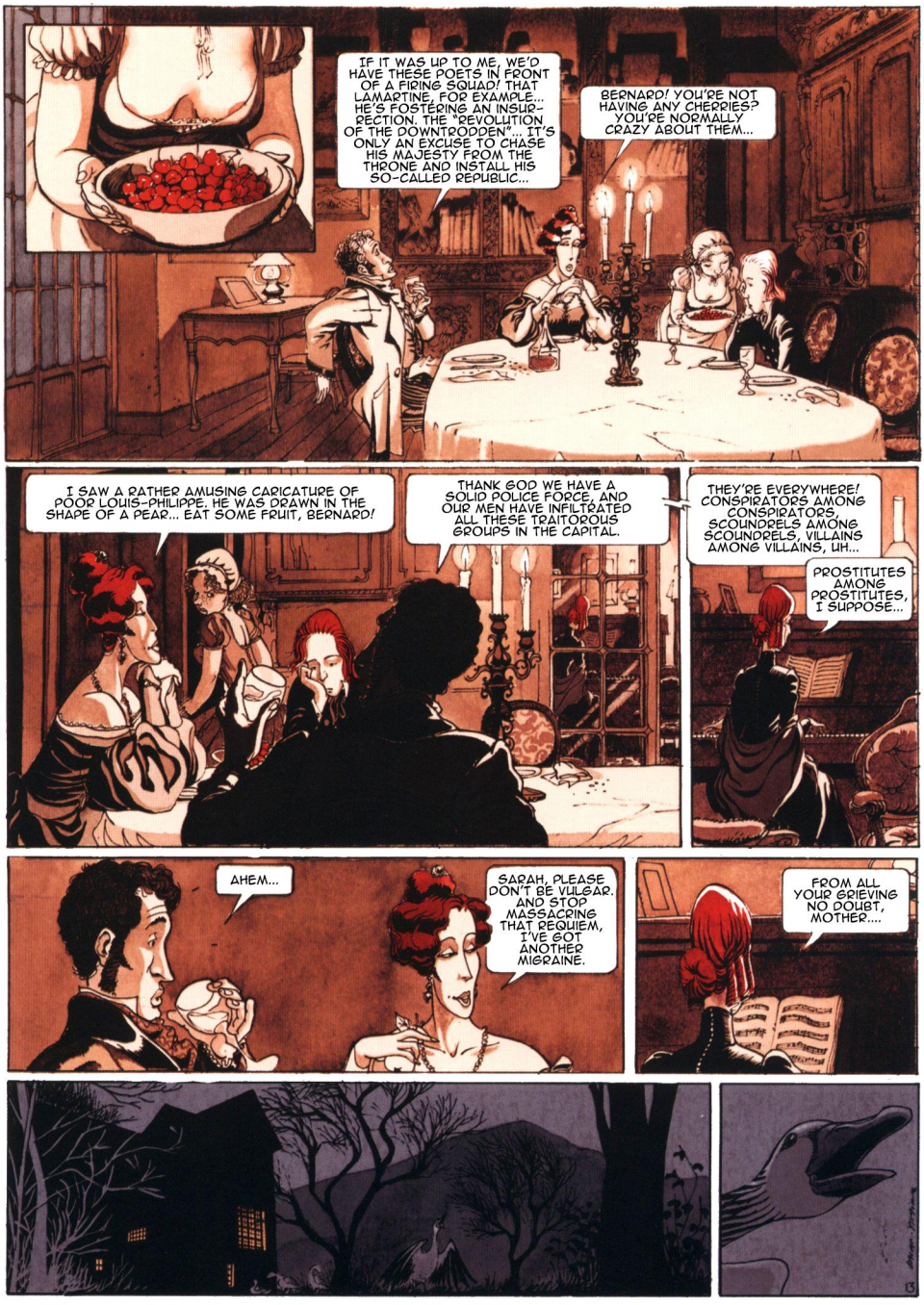
A SAMBRE IS NEVER SCARED! NOT OF ANYTHING NOR ANYBODY!
PROVE IT!
I'M NOT SCARED!! IT'S JUST YOUR... BECAUSE OF YOUR...
BERNARD! BERNARD!...
BERNARD! COME BACK!!


IT'S SARAH!
...MY SISTER... THE BURIAL... I HAVE TO...
YEAH, FINE! GO ON, IF IT'S SO IMPORTANT!
BUT I HAVE TO GO! WE'LL SEE EACHOTHER AGAIN, I SWEAR! I WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!!...
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT! COME MEET ME AGAIN...
WHERE? HERE?
NO, NO... I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. IF YOU DARE...
BERNARD!! FINALLY! DID YOU GO DEAF OR WHAT?
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU? I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, YOU KNOW! I'M SOAKED THANKS TO YOU!!...
I'M FINE, I'M FINE.
YOU'LL COME, BERNARD... I KNOW YOU WILL...

HEY SARAH, BE HONEST WITH ME... WAS OUR FATHER ... MAD?
BERNARD, NOT YOU TOO! COME NOW, OUR FATHER WAS AN ADMIRABLE MAN. YOU OF ALL PEOPLE HAVE NO RIGHT TO THINK SUCH THINGS!!
LISTEN, WE NEED TO STICK TOGETHER! WE MUSTN'T DOUBT OURSELVES!...
YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION!
BERNARD, I'VE DECIDED TO CONTINUE FATHER'S WORK!... I'M GOING TO COLLECT ALL HIS NOTES AND WRITE THE MASTERPIECE HE HAD IN HIS HEART... "THE WAR OF EYES"... HISTORY WILL SEE HIS GENIUS FOR WHAT IT WAS!...
...BERNARD! SWEAR THAT YOU'LL HELP ME...
I BEG YOU, BERNARD!!...
LET ME GO!!
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF YOU'RE MAD TOO!!
MOTHER IS WAITING FOR US.
10

COME NOW, SARAH. DRY YOUR EYES! TEARS ARE SHAMEFUL TO THE EYES, AS YOUR OLD FATHER USED TO SAY...
SPEAKING OF SHAMEFUL, MOTHER...
WAS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO INVITE THAT INSUFFERABLE GUIZOT TO THE WAKE?
NOW, SARAH! YOUR COUSIN MADE A SPECIAL TRIP FROM PARIS TO GIVE YOUR FATHER A LAST FAREWELL... HE TRAVELLED THREE WHOLE DAYS.
I DON'T LOVE HIM! HE IS SMUG AND VAIN LIKE ALL CITY-DWELLERS... AND I FIND HIS WORK DETESTABLE.
YOU'RE BEING RIDICULOUS, SARAH! HE'S YOUNG, HANDSOME, AND HAS A PROMISING CAREER WITH THE POLICE. DO YOU PLAN ON BECOMING AN OLD MAID?
THAT'S MY BUSINESS! AND BESIDES... BESIDES, HE ONLY HAS EYES FOR YOU, MOTHER!
WHAT ARE YOU PRATTLING ON ABOUT?
HE'S AMUSING TO BE SURE, AND I DO SO ENJOY HEARING OF THE LATEST SILLY TALES ABOUT PARISIAN LIFE... BUT THAT'S IT!
COME OFF IT, MOTHER! HIS BEHAVIOR TOWARD YOU IS INAPPROPRIATE!
MY DEAR, IF MERELY CONSORTING WITH OLDER GENTLEMEN IS INAPPROPRIATE, WELL, I SEEM TO HAVE MADE IT THIS FAR DESPITE SUCH INAPPROPRIATENESS AND MORE...
MOTHER!!

ENOUGH! I WILL NOT TOLERATE THIS ANY LONGER, SOURING OUR RIDE WITH YOUR UNHAPPINESS OVER PETTY THINGS... ANYWAY, I'VE INVITED HIM TO SPEND A FEW DAYS AT THE HOUSE...
MY MY! THE RAIN'S GETTING WORSE. A FINAL TANTRUM FROM YOUR FATHER, NO DOUBT...

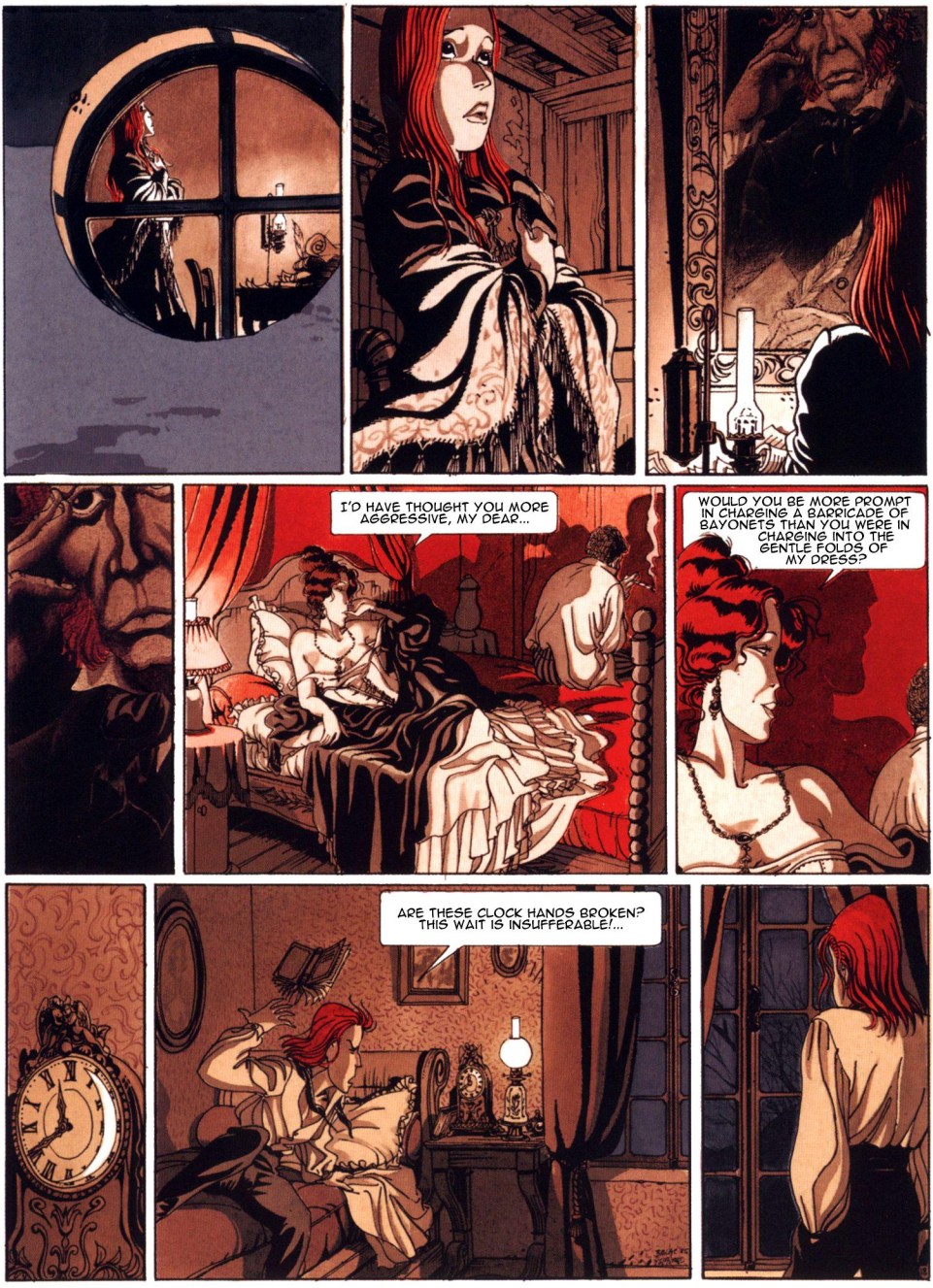

IF IT WAS UP TO ME, WE'D HAVE THESE POETS IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD! THAT LAMARTINE, FOR EXAMPLE... HE'S FOSTERING AN INSURRECTION. THE "REVOLUTION OF THE DOWNTRODDEN"... IT'S ONLY AN EXCUSE TO CHASE HIS MAJESTY FROM THE THRONE AND INSTALL HIS SO-CALLED REPUBLIC...
BERNARD! YOU'RE NOT HAVING ANY CHERRIES? YOU'RE NORMALLY CRAZY ABOUT THEM...
I SAW A RATHER AMUSING CARICATURE OF POOR LOUIS-PHILIPPE. HE WAS DRAWN IN THE SHAPE OF A PEAR... EAT SOME FRUIT, BERNARD!
THANK GOD WE HAVE A SOLID POLICE FORCE, AND OUR MEN HAVE INFILTRATED ALL THESE TRAITOROUS GROUPS IN THE CAPITAL.
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! CONSPIRATORS AMONG CONSPIRATORS, SCOUNDRELS AMONG SCOUNDRELS, VILLAINS AMONG VILLAINS, UH...
PROSTITUTES AMONG PROSTITUTES, I SUPPOSE...
AHEM...
SARAH, PLEASE DON'T BE VULGAR. AND STOP MASSACRING THAT REQUIEM, I'VE GOT ANOTHER MIGRAINE.
FROM ALL YOUR GRIEVING NO DOUBT, MOTHER....

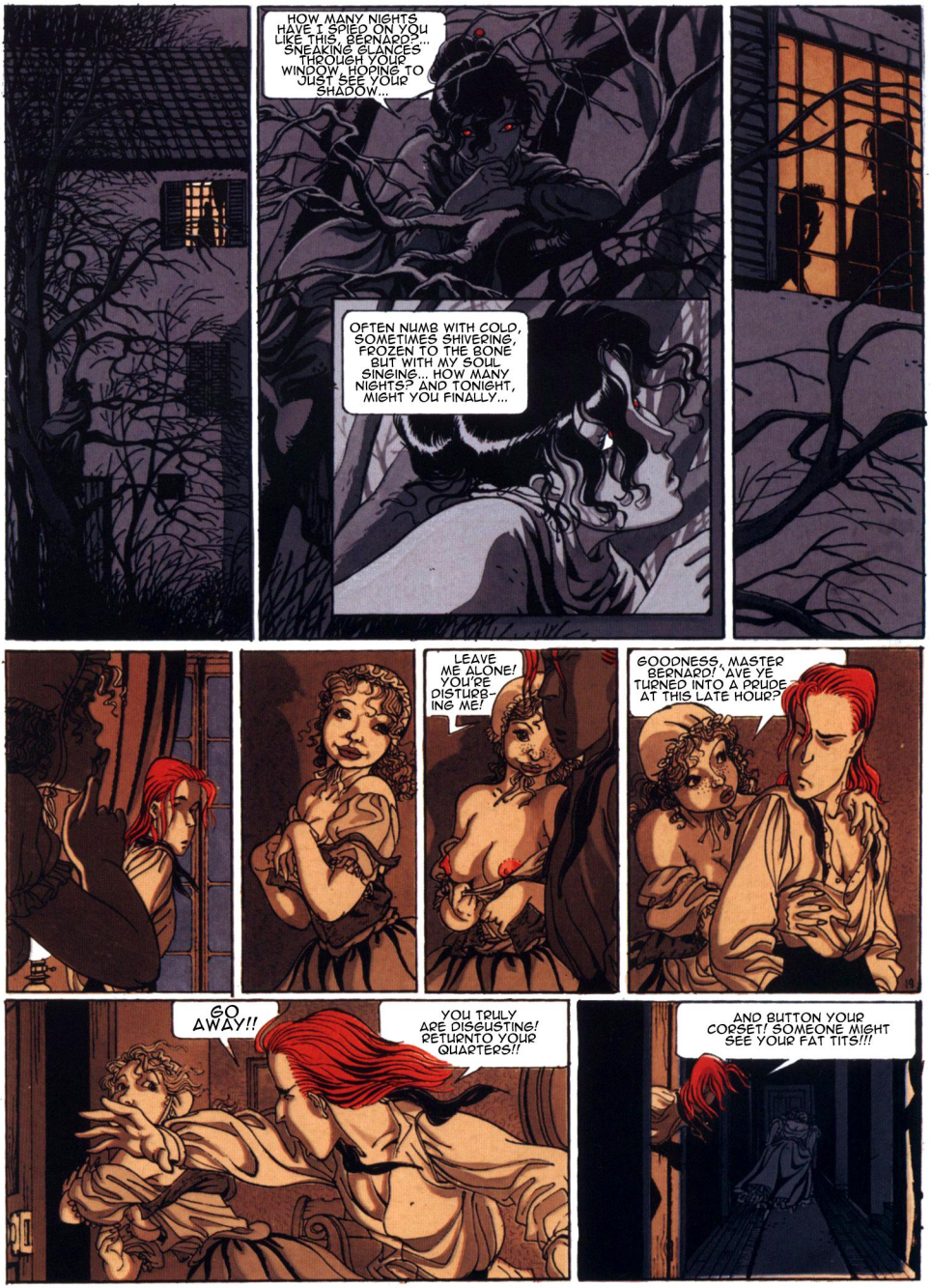
DOES CIGAR SMOKE BOTHER YOU, MADAME? I ADMIT, IT IS ONE OF MY VICES...
GO ON, MY DEAR GUIZOT. GO ON! THEODORE! A LIGHT FOR THE COMMISSIONER!
COMMISSIONER! HOW YOU DO GO ON, MADAME! I'M STILL JUST A POLICE OFFICER!
...THOUGH IT'S TRUE, MY FUNCTIONS FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD DO AFFORD ME CERTAIN BENEFITS...
GRACIOUS! WHAT IS HAPPENING WITH OUR GEESE? THIS RACKET IS INTOLERABLE!... MY POOR HEAD...
IT'S OLD GERTRUDE, MADAME. SHE'S CALLING HER GANDER THAT DISAPPEARED. IT'S THAT FOX AGAIN, I'D WAGER...
POOR GERTRUDE! SHE'S SO OLD... SHE'LL DIE OF GRIEF!
I ONCE KNEW A GERTRUDE IN MONTMARTRE, A SILLY PEACOCK OF A GIRL...
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, BERNARD! IN TWO DAYS, SHE'LL HAVE A BRAND NEW MATE, THAT'S JUST HOW IT IS!
PARDON, MADAME, BUT YOU ARE MISTAKEN. WHEN GEESE MATE, THEY STAY FAITHFUL ALL THEIR LIVES!...

IN THAT CASE, KILL HER! HER CRIES ARE EXASPERATING! ...SHE'LL ALSO MAKE AN EXCELLENT DISH FOR THE WAKE TOMORROW.
DIFFICULT RECEIVING LESSONS FROM A BIRD, ISN'T IT, MOTHER?
SARAH, THIS SARCASM OF YOURS IS BORING ME TERRIBLY. I FEEL SLEEPY... WHAT ABOUT YOU, MY DEAR GUIZOT?
UH... SURE MADAME, OF COURSE!
COME, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM...
...THE RED ROOM...
BERNARD, YOU SHOULD GO TO BED. AND YOU, SARAH, DON'T STAY UP TOO LATE. YOUR FATHER WOULDN'T APPROVE!
POOR GERTRUDE... SHE DIED FOR LOVE... IT'S A FINE WAY TO GO...
POOR FATHER!...
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
REMEMBER, YOUR FATHER! WE ONLY BURIED HIM THIS MORNING, OR DON'T YOU RECALL?

SHUT UP, SARAH! YOU'RE HORRIBLE!
MAYBE YOU FORGOT ABOUT HIS SUICIDE? I'M SURE THAT TOO WAS A FINE END!...
REMEMBER THE SLOW AGONY AFTER HIS ACT OF MADNESS!... SINCE IT WAS MADNESS, WASN'T IT?
WHEN HE CRIED HER NAME AND SHE SULLIED HIS IN THE RED ROOM, HOW SHE LAUGHED...
LISTEN TO HER LAUGH!! DON'T YOU HEAR YOUR FATHER CRYING OUT??
YOU TOO THEN, LITTLE BROTHER... YOU'VE GIVEN UP ALREADY!... SHE'LL DESTROY YOU JUST AS SHE DESTROYED FATHER...
JUST YOU WAIT, MOTHER... THERE IS A TIME FOR EVERYTHING... A TIME FOR SORROW, AND A TIME FOR HATE!

SAMBRE
AU CLAIR
LA LUNE
TE REBAT


I'D HAVE THOUGHT YOU MORE AGGRESSIVE, MY DEAR...
WOULD YOU BE MORE PROMPT IN CHARGING A BARRICADE OF BAYONETS THAN YOU WERE IN CHARGING INTO THE GENTLE FOLDS OF MY DRESS?
ARE THESE CLOCK HANDS BROKEN? THIS WAIT IS INSUFFERABLE!...


HOW MANY NIGHTS HAVE I SPIED ON YOU LIKE THIS, BERNARD?... SNEAKING GLANCES THROUGH YOUR WINDOW, HOPING TO JUST SEE YOUR SHADOW...
OFTEN NUMB WITH COLD, SOMETIMES SHIVERING, FROZEN TO THE BONE BUT WITH MY SOUL SINGING... HOW MANY NIGHTS? AND TONIGHT, MIGHT YOU FINALLY...
LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU'RE DISTURBING ME!
GOODNESS, MASTER BERNARD! 'AVE YE TURNED INTO A PRUDE AT THIS LATE HOUR?
GO AWAY!!
YOU TRULY ARE DISGUSTING! RETURN TO YOUR QUARTERS!!
AND BUTTON YOUR CORSET! SOMEONE MIGHT SEE YOUR FAT TITS!!!

AM I TERRIBLY MISTAKEN, OR DID THE YOUNG MAID JUST COME OUT OF YOUR SON'S BEDROOM...

I KNOW, I SENT HER IN THERE... I FIGURED IT MIGHT HELP HIM FORGET THE IDEAS HIS SISTER HAS LIKELY BEEN PUTTING INTO HIS HEAD...

THE WAR OF EYES

MY KNEE! ARGH! THIS WAS SO DUMB!
A SAMBRE HAS NO NEED TO FULFILL CHALLENGES SET BY LITTLE PEASANT!! ESPECIALLY ONE WITH RED...
...EYES...??
GRAG

JULIE?

JULIIIE!!

I'M WAITING, FOR YOU BERNARD...

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR SO LONG...

BUT WHERE? WHERE?

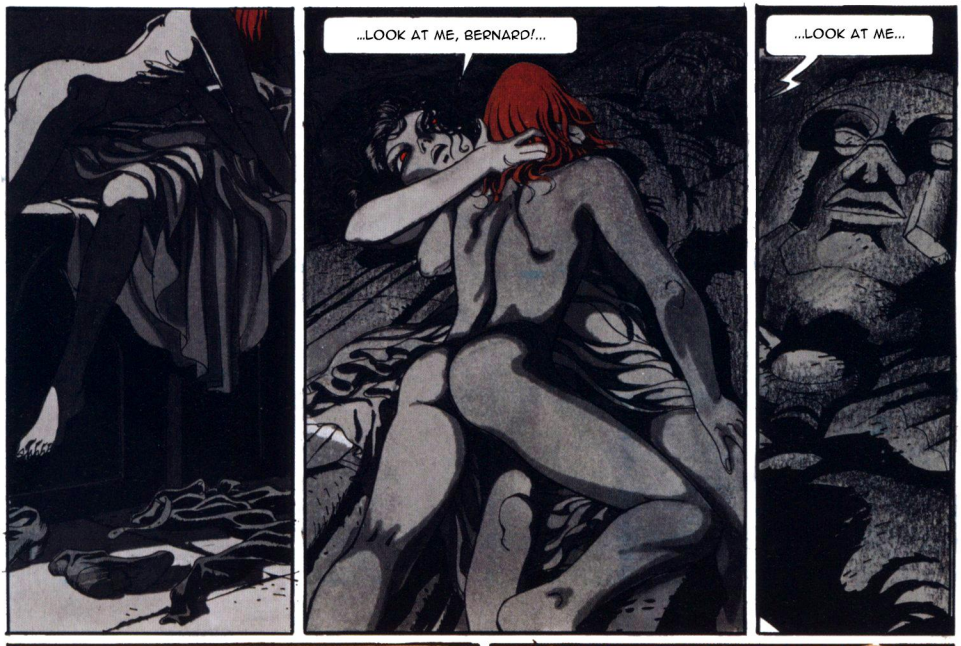
NO, NOT THERE!

SAMBRE MAY YOU BE WATCHED OVER IN MOONLIGHT

JULIE?
ANSWER ME! THIS ISN'T FUNNY!!
I KNEW YOU'D COME, BERNARD! IN SPITE OF YOURSELF, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING...
AND YOU'RE TREMBLING? ARE YOU STILL AFRAID OF ME?
WHAT DO YOU FEAR?
I WANT TO KNOW, JULIE! WHY WERE YOU UNDER THE BRIDGE THIS MORNING? WAS IT CHANCE, OR...? ANSWER ME!
WHAT DOES IT MATTER, BERNARD, YOU'RE HERE NOW! WOULD YOU RATHER WE WERE STATUES WHO CAN'T SPEAK WITH EACH OTHER, CAN'T TOUCH EACH OTHER?...
DO YOU NOT LIKE HOW MY HANDS CARESS YOU?... YOU'RE TREMBLING!

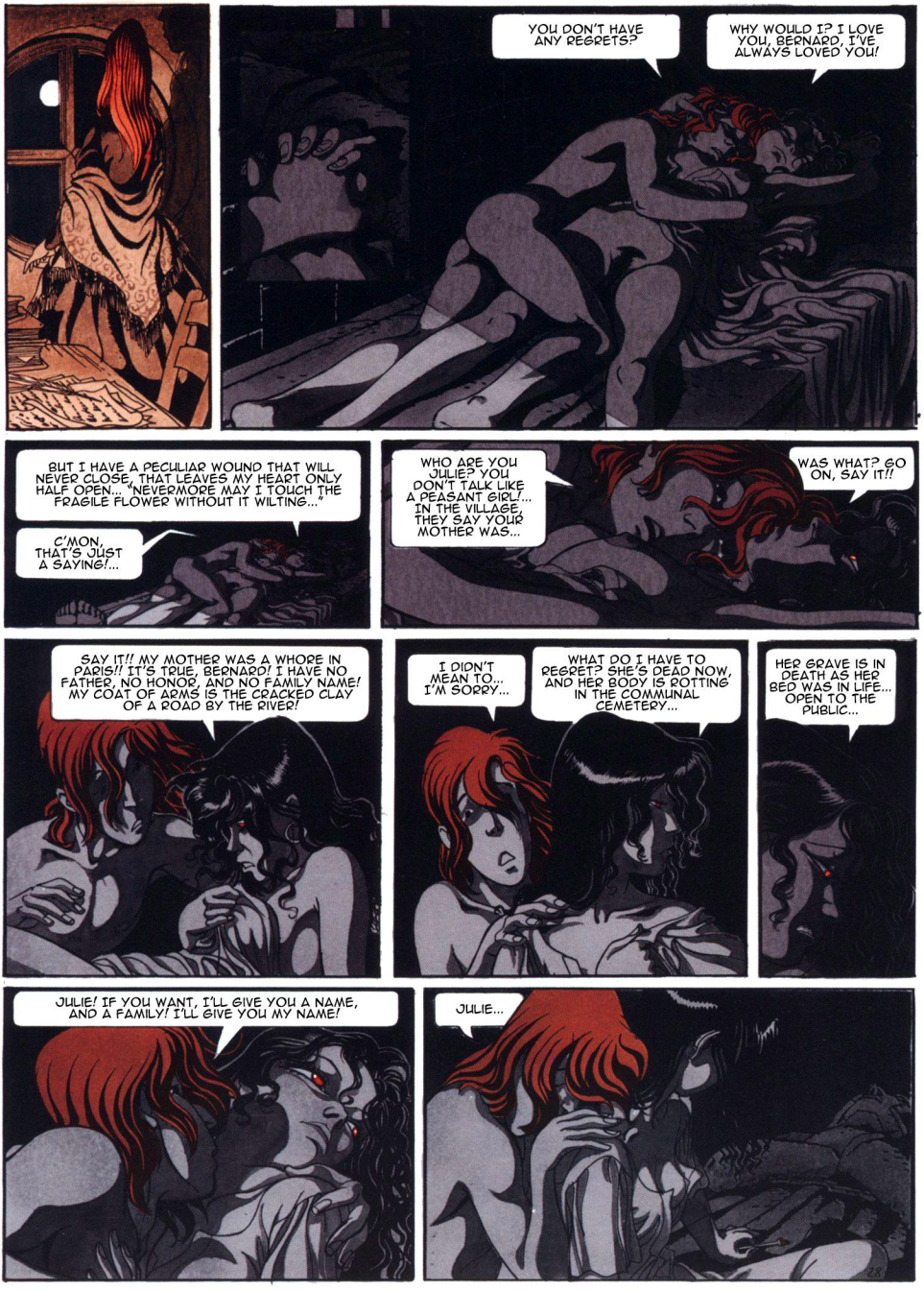
BERNARD SAMBRE! THE MOON IS WATCHING OVER YOU! IF YOU'RE AFRAID, GO! BUT IF YOU LOVE ME, ENTER AND PROVE IT TO ME!
WHEREVER YOU WANT, JULIE, BUT NOT HERE...
HERE, BERNARD! HERE OR NEVER!
And so it was that old Ezammb, Patriarch of the black-eyed creatures, sent word to all the other tribes. They armed themselves and came to answer his call. Soon there were gathered beings of blue eyes, green eyes, and brown eyes, and they all agreed to set aside their quarrels and to unite in order to exterminate those whom they so hated, those who dared to look upon the Creator without tempering their gaze, those whom he had forever marked with infamy, destined to be loathed by all men, those beings with eyes like burning embers...
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? YOUR BIG SISTER TO COME AND HOLD YOUR HAND?

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, JULIE... BEAUTIFUL AND SOLID LIKE A DREAM MADE OF STONE... HOW CAN IT BE?
SHHH!
YOUR FATHER IS SLEEPING JUST BELOW US... LET'S NOT WAKE HIM...
BERNARD, MY DEAR BERNARD, PLEASE, BE GENTLE AND DON'T DISAPPOINT US...
ME, AND THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DREAMED SO OFTEN AND SO VIVIDLY OF THIS MOMENT THAT HER HEART HAS GONE AS BLUE WITH SORROW AS YOU WISH HER EYES COULD BE...
That night, the moon was reflected in a gloomy violet, its opaline visage distorted by the blood and tears that flowed in waves.
On the rooster's first call, the last red-eyed gazes were shut, smothered under heavy, bleeding eyelids.
And so the killers, ashamed, averted their eyes and...



Though crushed beneath a carpet of bodies, a little girl still drew breath, and between her gritted teeth boiled a venomous hatred. The centuries that followed only served to strengthen the thirst for vengeance carried by her meager lineage...

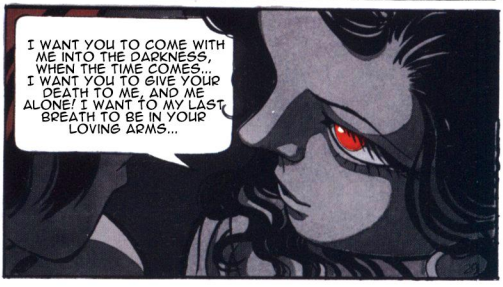
I CAN'T!
IT'S YOUR EYES... THEY'RE CUTTING ME, PIERCING THROUGH ME... PLEASE, JULIE, CLOSE YOUR EYES SO I MAY LOVE YOU!
BERNARD, I'LL CLOSE MY EYES IF YOU OPEN UP YOUR SOUL TO ME...
BUT I'LL WARN YOU, MY HEART CANNOT BE CLOSED...
BERNARD... TONIGHT... FINALLY!
23

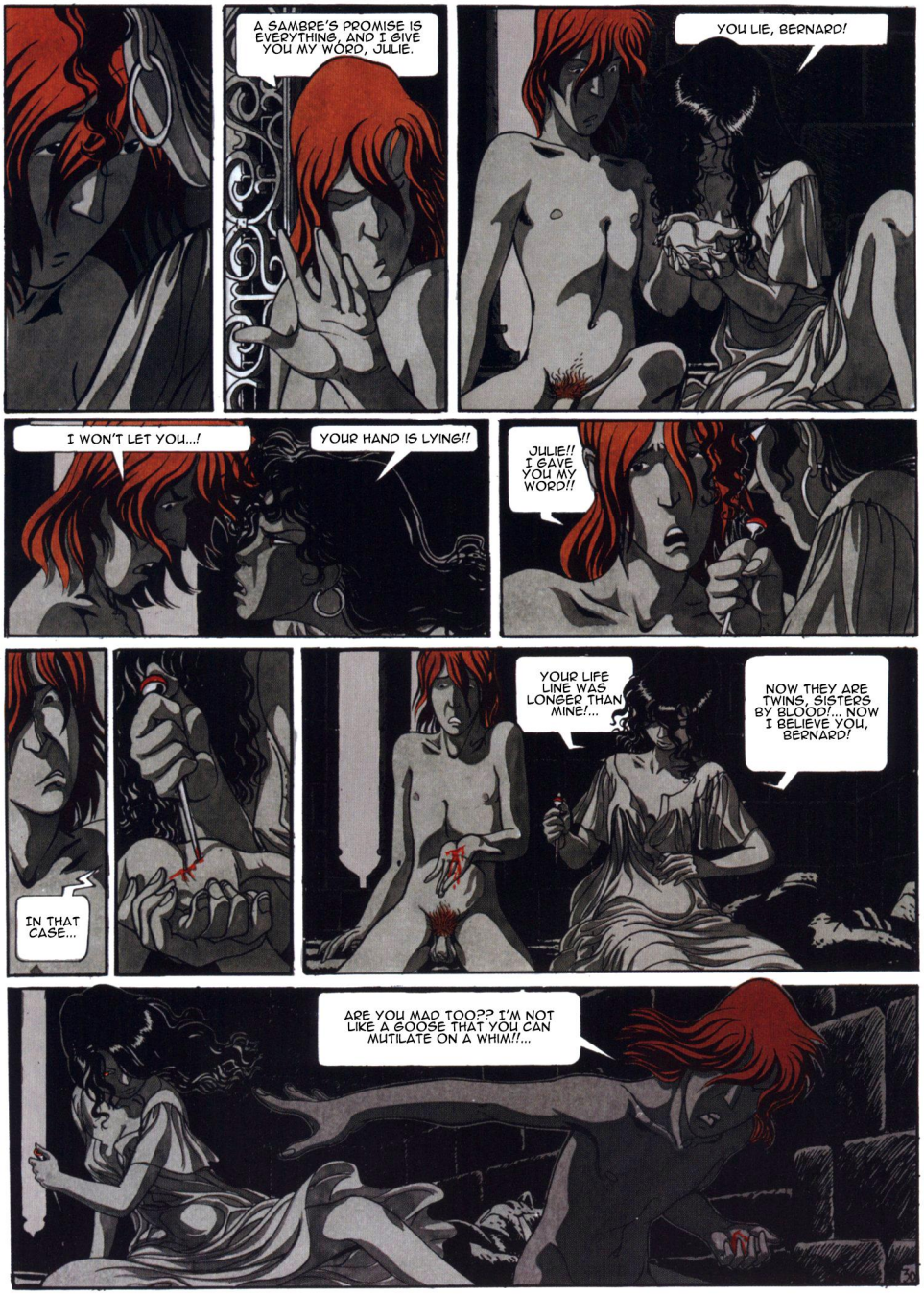

YOU DON'T HAVE ANY REGRETS?
WHY WOULD I? I LOVE YOU, BERNARD, I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU!
BUT I HAVE A PECULIAR WOUND THAT WILL NEVER CLOSE, THAT LEAVES MY HEART ONLY HALF OPEN... "NEVERMORE MAY I TOUCH THE FRAGILE FLOWER WITHOUT IT WILTING..."
C'MON, THAT'S JUST A SAYING!...
WHO ARE YOU JULIE? YOU DON'T TALK LIKE A PEASANT GIRL!... IN THE VILLAGE, THEY SAY YOUR MOTHER WAS...
WAS WHAT? GO ON, SAY IT!!
SAY IT!! MY MOTHER WAS A WHORE IN PARIS!! IT'S TRUE, BERNARD! I HAVE NO FATHER, NO HONOR, AND NO FAMILY NAME! MY COAT OF ARMS IS THE CRACKED CLAY OF A ROAD BY THE RIVER!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO... I'M SORRY...
WHAT DO I HAVE TO REGRET? SHE'S DEAD NOW, AND HER BODY IS ROTTING IN THE COMMUNAL CEMETERY...
HER GRAVE IS IN DEATH AS HER BED WAS IN LIFE... OPEN TO THE PUBLIC...
JULIE! IF YOU WANT, I'LL GIVE YOU A NAME, AND A FAMILY! I'LL GIVE YOU MY NAME!
JULIE...

And so they left nothing behind in the massive grave, abundant with the smoke of thousands but smoking cinders of shriveled human eyes... And in their still warm blood, The patriarch with black eyes made this tragic inscription in a pillar:

..on he who loves any ed eyes, for he...

The patriarch with this tragic inscription in a A curse upon he who loves any creature of red eyes, for he shall forevermore cry tears of blood...

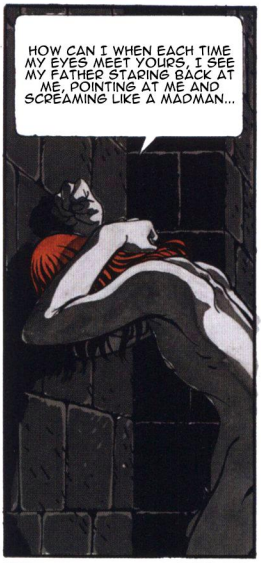



A SAMBRE'S PROMISE IS EVERYTHING, AND I GIVE YOU MY WORD, JULIE.
YOU LIE, BERNARD!
I WON'T LET YOU...!
YOUR HAND IS LYING!!
JULIE!! I GAVE YOU MY WORD!!
IN THAT CASE...
YOUR LIFE LINE WAS LONGER THAN MINE!...
NOW THEY ARE TWINS. SISTERS BY BLOOD!... NOW I BELIEVE YOU, BERNARD!
ARE YOU MAD TOO?? I'M NOT LIKE A GOOSE THAT YOU CAN MUTILATE ON A WHIM!!...

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, JULIE? WHY DID YOU CHOOSE ME? CHANCE? DESTINY? THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE THE SAME TO ME!...

BECAUSE OF YOUR NAME, BECAUSE OF MY EYES... MY MOTHER CLAIMED OUR DESTINIES WERE LINKED, AND...
SHUT UP! SHUT UP! I HAVE NO USE FOR THE DIVINATIONS OF A WHORE!!...

JULIE! HOW CAN I STILL LOVE YOU?


HOW CAN I WHEN EACH TIME MY EYES MEET YOURS, I SEE MY FATHER STARING BACK AT ME, POINTING AT ME AND SCREAMING LIKE A MADMAN...

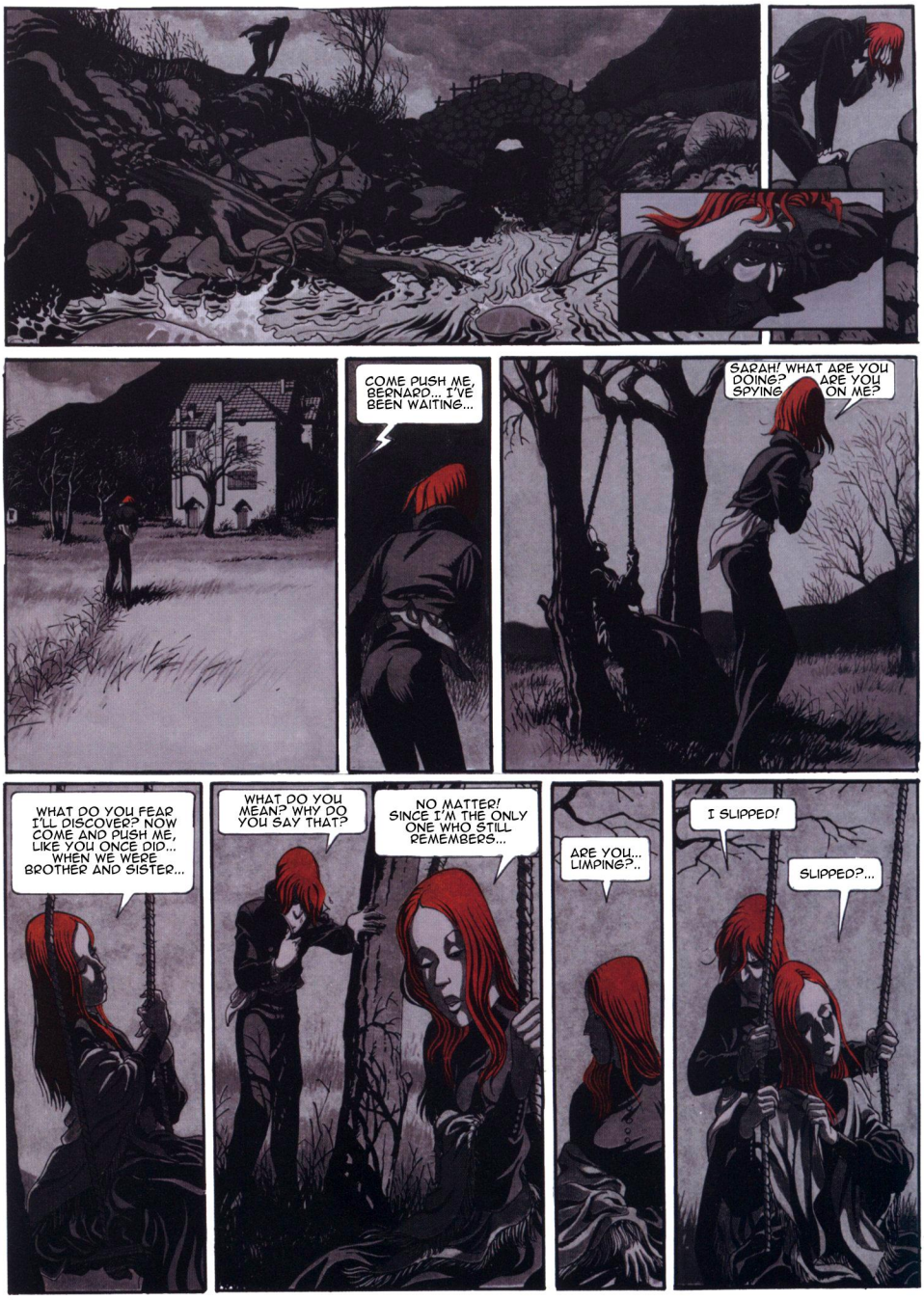
ONE WORD, BERNARD! SAY THE WORD AND THIS EYE WILL NEVER OPEN AGAIN!

YOU REALLY ARE MAD, MY POOR JULIE! COMPLETELY MAD!

LET ME GO! PLEASE!

...BERNARD! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU TOMORROW!...

...BERNARD!...
HE'LL COME BACK, RIGHT? OH ANGEL WITH YOUR EYES OF STONE, SAY HE'LL COME BACK...
AND YOU, POOR SILENT SERAPHIN, WHO KNOWS WHAT TRAGIC SECRETS HIDE BEHIND YOUR COVERED EYES? DID YOU HAVE YOUR SHARE OF HONEYED KISSES AND SOUR TEARS BEFORE PETRIFYING YOURSELF FOR ETERNITY?


COME PUSH ME, BERNARD... I'VE BEEN WAITING...
SARAH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU SPYING ON ME?
WHAT DO YOU FEAR I'LL DISCOVER? NOW COME AND PUSH ME, LIKE YOU ONCE DID... WHEN WE WERE BROTHER AND SISTER...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
NO MATTER! SINCE I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO STILL REMEMBERS...
ARE YOU... LIMPING?..
I SLIPPED!
SLIPPED?...

PERHAPS THE WEIGHT OF YOUR CONSCIENCE CAUSED YOU TO STUMBLE?
WHAT ARE YOU IMPLYING?
TUCK YOUR SHIRT BACK IN, IT'S FLAPPING ABOUT INDECENTLY...
POOR FATHER... THE NIGHT IS SO BEAUTIFUL... WHO WOULD IMAGINE THAT RIGHT NOW, UNDER HIS SHROUD OF MARBLE, THE WORMS ARE EATING HIS EYES...
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!!
WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT DO? EVEN IN DEATH, HE STILL WATCHES YOU!!...
HAVE YOU NOT SHIVERED UNDER THE ICY GAZE OF THE SAMBRES' MOON?
BERNARD!!...
WHY, YOU'RE SHAKING WITH FEVER...
TELL ME... WHAT IS THIS HEAT INSIDE YOU? WHY MUST IT DEVOUR YOU SO SOON...?
...WHY MUST LITTLE BROTHERS GROW UP?...
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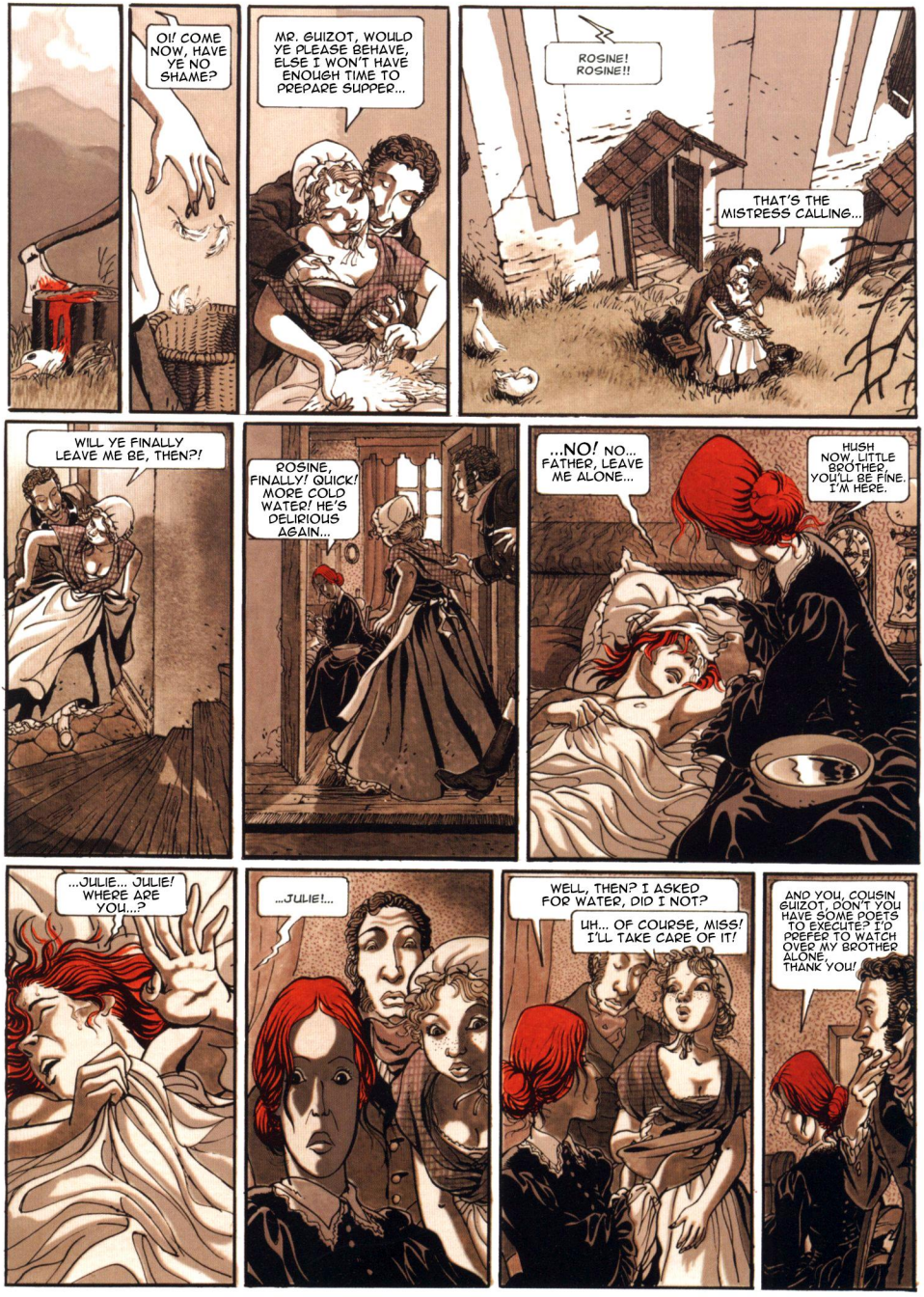
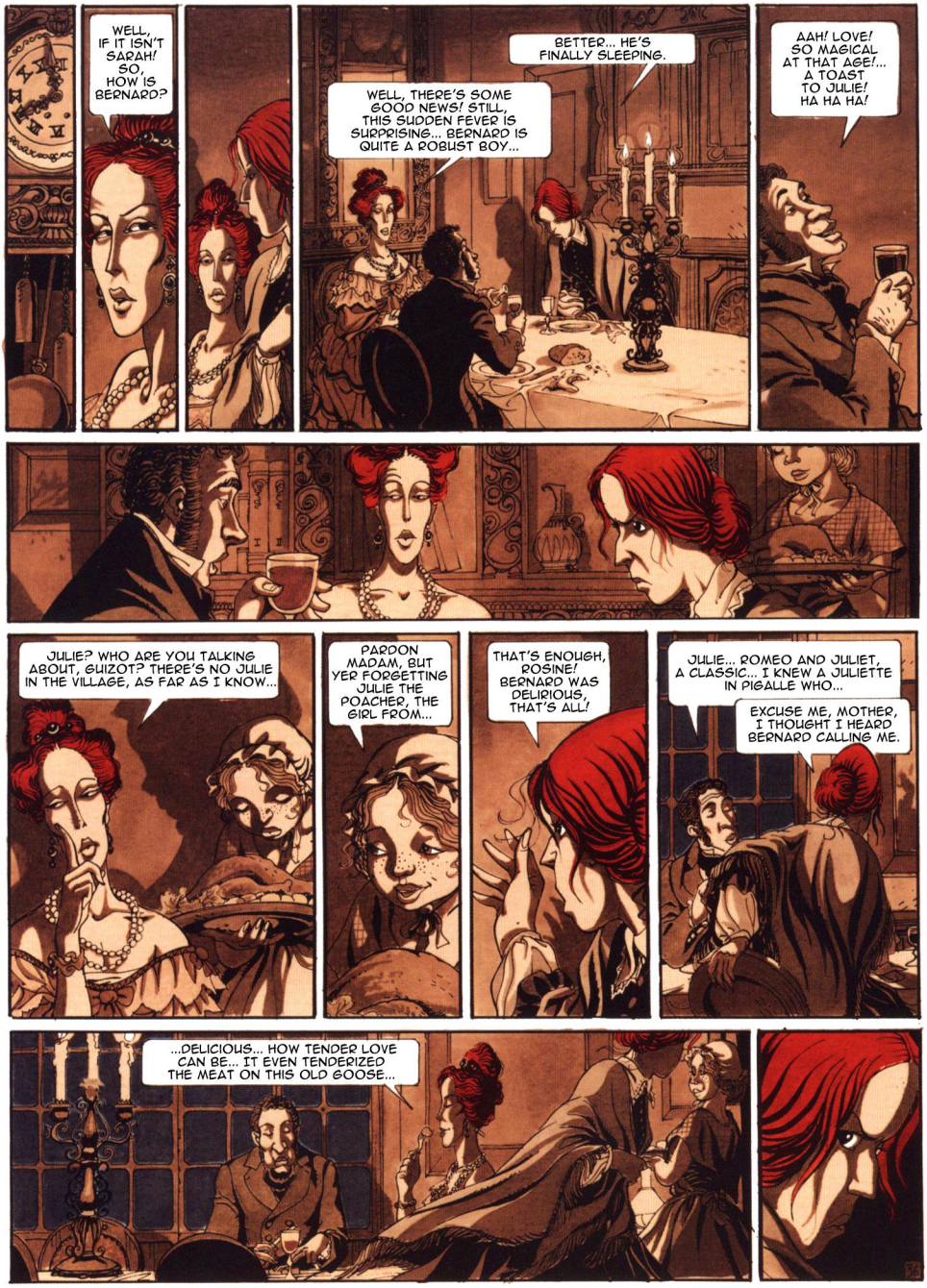
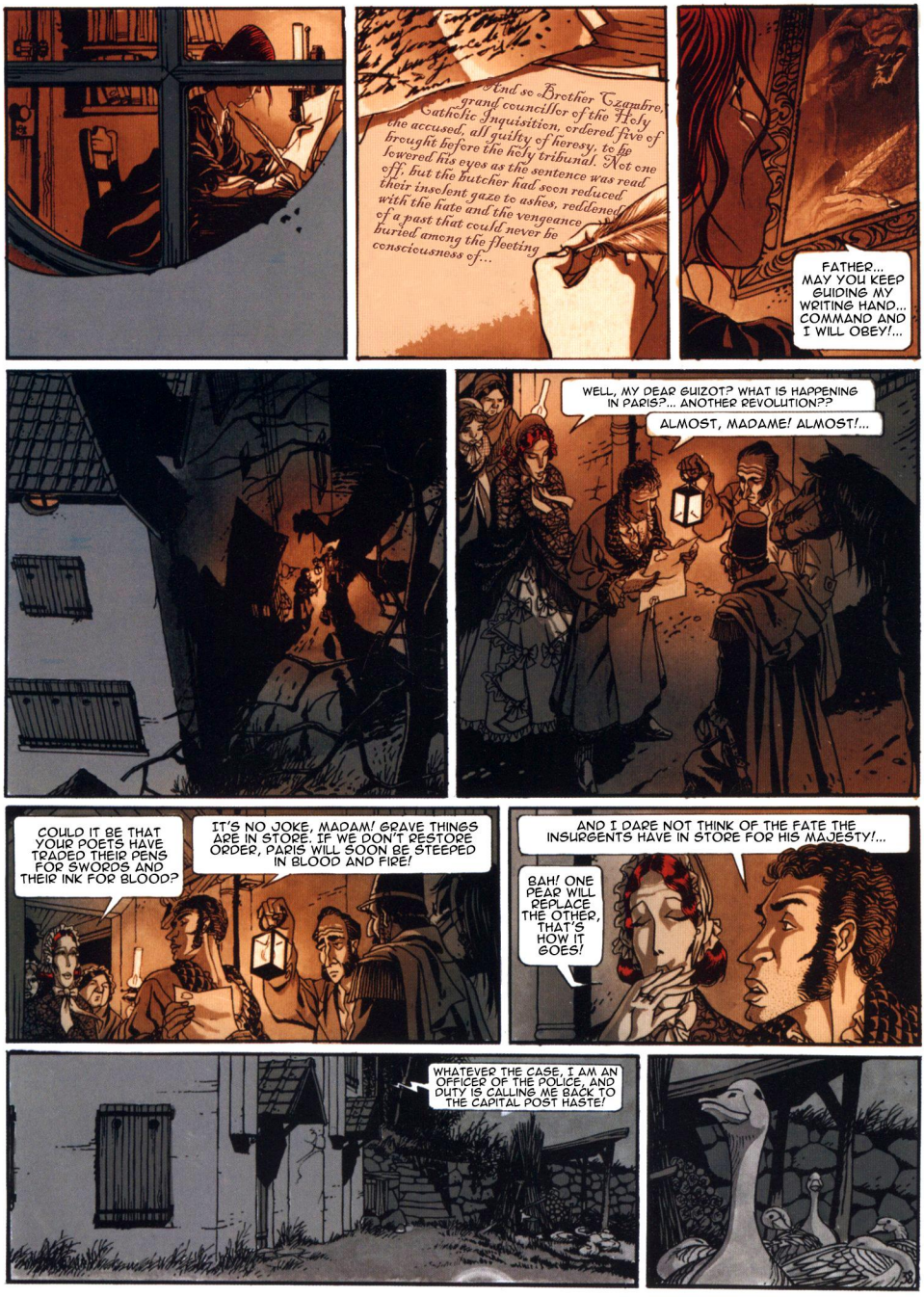
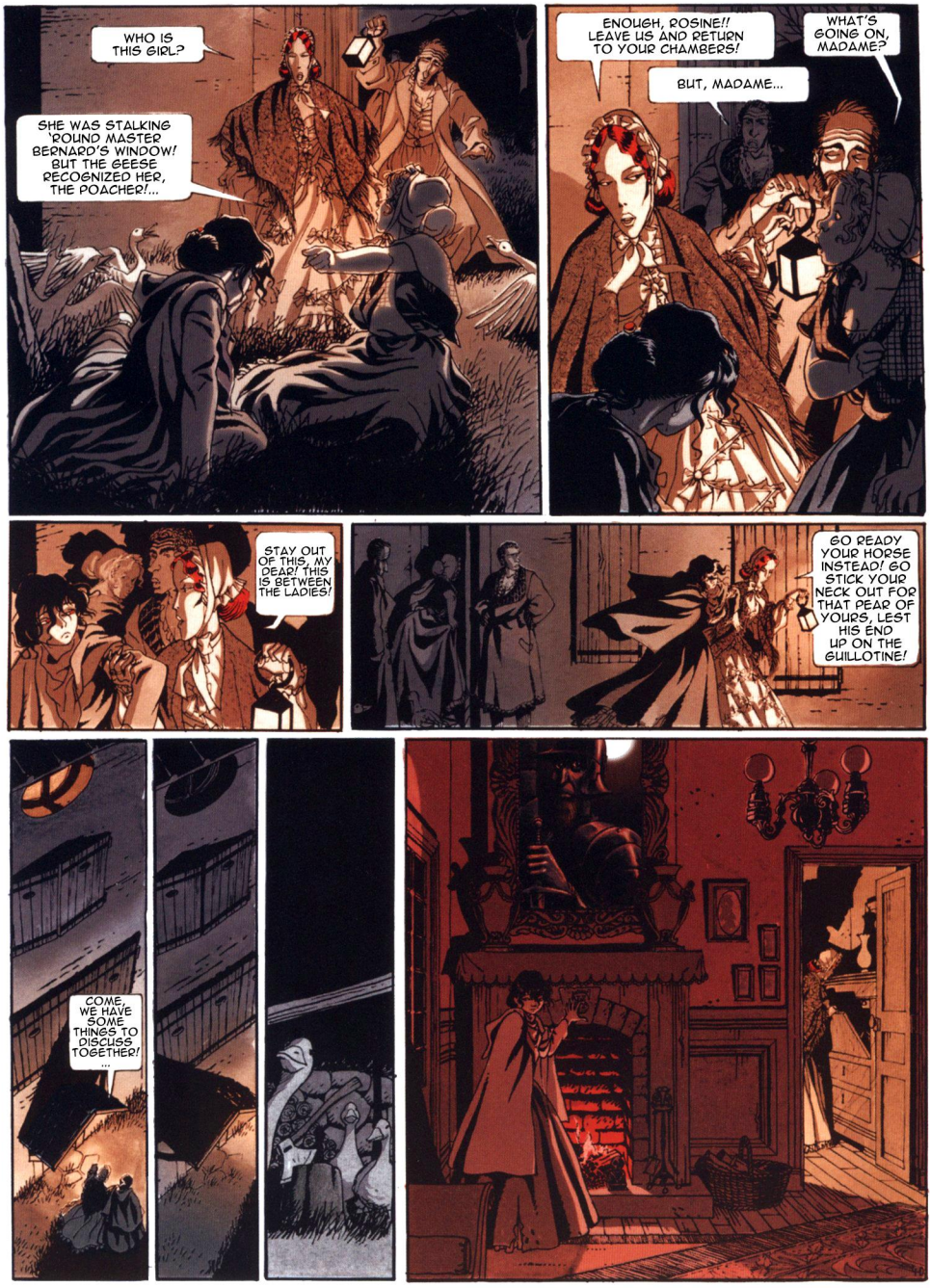

OI! COME NOW, HAVE YE NO SHAME?
MR. GUIZOT, WOULD YE PLEASE BEHAVE, ELSE I WON'T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO PREPARE SUPPER...
ROSINE! ROSINE!!
THAT'S THE MISTRESS CALLING...
WILL YE FINALLY LEAVE ME BE, THEN?!
ROSINE, FINALLY! QUICK! MORE COLD WATER! HE'S DELIRIOUS AGAIN...
...NO! NO... FATHER, LEAVE ME ALONE...
HUSH NOW, LITTLE BROTHER, YOU'LL BE FINE. I'M HERE.
...JULIE... JULIE! WHERE ARE YOU...?
...JULIE!...
WELL, THEN? I ASKED FOR WATER, DID I NOT?
UH... OF COURSE, MISS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!
AND YOU, COUSIN GUIZOT, DON'T YOU HAVE SOME POETS TO EXECUTE? I'D PREFER TO WATCH OVER MY BROTHER ALONE. THANK YOU!


WELL, IF IT ISN'T SARAH! SO, HOW IS BERNARD?
WELL, THERE'S SOME GOOD NEWS! STILL, THIS SUDDEN FEVER IS SURPRISING... BERNARD IS QUITE A ROBUST BOY...
BETTER... HE'S FINALLY SLEEPING.
AAH! LOVE! SO MAGICAL AT THAT AGE!... A TOAST TO JULIE! HA HA HA!
JULIE? WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, GUIZOT? THERE'S NO JULIE IN THE VILLAGE, AS FAR AS I KNOW...
PARDON MADAM, BUT YER FORGETTING JULIE THE POACHER, THE GIRL FROM...
THAT'S ENOUGH, ROSINE! BERNARD WAS DELIRIOUS, THAT'S ALL!
JULIE... ROMEO AND JULIET, A CLASSIC... I KNEW A JULIETTE IN PIGALLE WHO...
EXCUSE ME, MOTHER, I THOUGHT I HEARD BERNARD CALLING ME.
...DELICIOUS... HOW TENDER LOVE CAN BE... IT EVEN TENDERIZED THE MEAT ON THIS OLD GOOSE...

NOOOO!
JULIE! NO!...
JULIE...


And so Brother Czapubre, grand councillor of the Holy Catholic Inquisition, ordered five of the accused, all guilty of heresy, to be brought before the holy tribunal. Not one lowered his eyes as the sentence was read off, but the butcher had seen reduced their insolent gaze to ashes, reddened with the hate and the vengeance of a past that could never be buried among the fleeting consciousness of...
FATHER... MAY YOU KEEP GUIDING MY WRITING HAND... COMMAND AND I WILL OBEY!...
WELL, MY DEAR GUIZOT? WHAT IS HAPPENING IN PARIS?... ANOTHER REVOLUTION??
ALMOST, MADAME! ALMOST!...
COULD IT BE THAT YOUR POETS HAVE TRADED THEIR PENS FOR SWORDS AND THEIR INK FOR BLOOD?
IT'S NO JOKE, MADAM! GRAVE THINGS ARE IN STORE. IF WE DON'T RESTORE ORDER, PARIS WILL SOON BE STEEPED IN BLOOD AND FIRE!
AND I DARE NOT THINK OF THE FATE THE INSURGENTS HAVE IN STORE FOR HIS MAJESTY!...
BAH! ONE PEAR WILL REPLACE THE OTHER, THAT'S HOW IT GOES!
WHATEVER THE CASE, I AM AN OFFICER OF THE POLICE, AND DUTY IS CALLING ME BACK TO THE CAPITAL POST HASTE!

BERNARD... TO JUST GLIMPSE YOU FOR ONE SECOND... PLEASE...
WELL, JULIE? FIRST THE GANDER, NOW THE COCK?
LITTLE WHORE! WHERE DO YE GET OFF? YE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY TITS!
ENOUGH, ROSINE!!


WHO IS THIS GIRL?
SHE WAS STALKING 'ROUND MASTER BERNARD'S WINDOW! BUT THE GEESE RECOGNIZED HER, THE POACHER!...
ENOUGH, ROSINE!! LEAVE US AND RETURN TO YOUR CHAMBERS!
BUT, MADAME...
WHAT'S GOING ON, MADAME?
STAY OUT OF THIS, MY DEAR! THIS IS BETWEEN THE LADIES!
GO READY YOUR HORSE INSTEAD! GO STICK YOUR NECK OUT FOR THAT PEAR OF YOURS, LEST HIS END UP ON THE GUILLOTINE!
COME, WE HAVE SOME THINGS TO DISCUSS TOGETHER! ...

YOU'RE JULIE, RIGHT?
YES, MADAME, AND...
WELL NOW, YOU'RE YOUNG AND RATHER PRETTY... BERNARD CERTAINLY HAS GOOD TASTE...
MADAME, I...
TAKE IT JULIE, DO NOT PROTEST! A SON LOVES HIS MOTHER FIRST AND FOREMOST, AND THAT'S PRICELESS. NOW TAKE YOUR PAYMENT...
MADAME... WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? I LOVE YOUR SON, AND...
MADAME!... BERNARD AND I ARE IN LOVE, I BEG YOU TO BELIEVE THAT...
QUIET!!
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH! THE DAUGHTER OF A WHORE COME TO TALK OF LOVE! HERE? THAT'S TOO FUNNY!
GO ON! TAKE IT AND GO! OR DO YOU WANT ME TO REPORT YOUR POACHING TO THE POLICE?

WHERE ARE YOU DOING? COME BACK HERE!
BERNARD! BERNARD!!
BERNARD!
FATHER! GUIDE MY HAND AND IT SHALL BRING YOU JUSTICE!!
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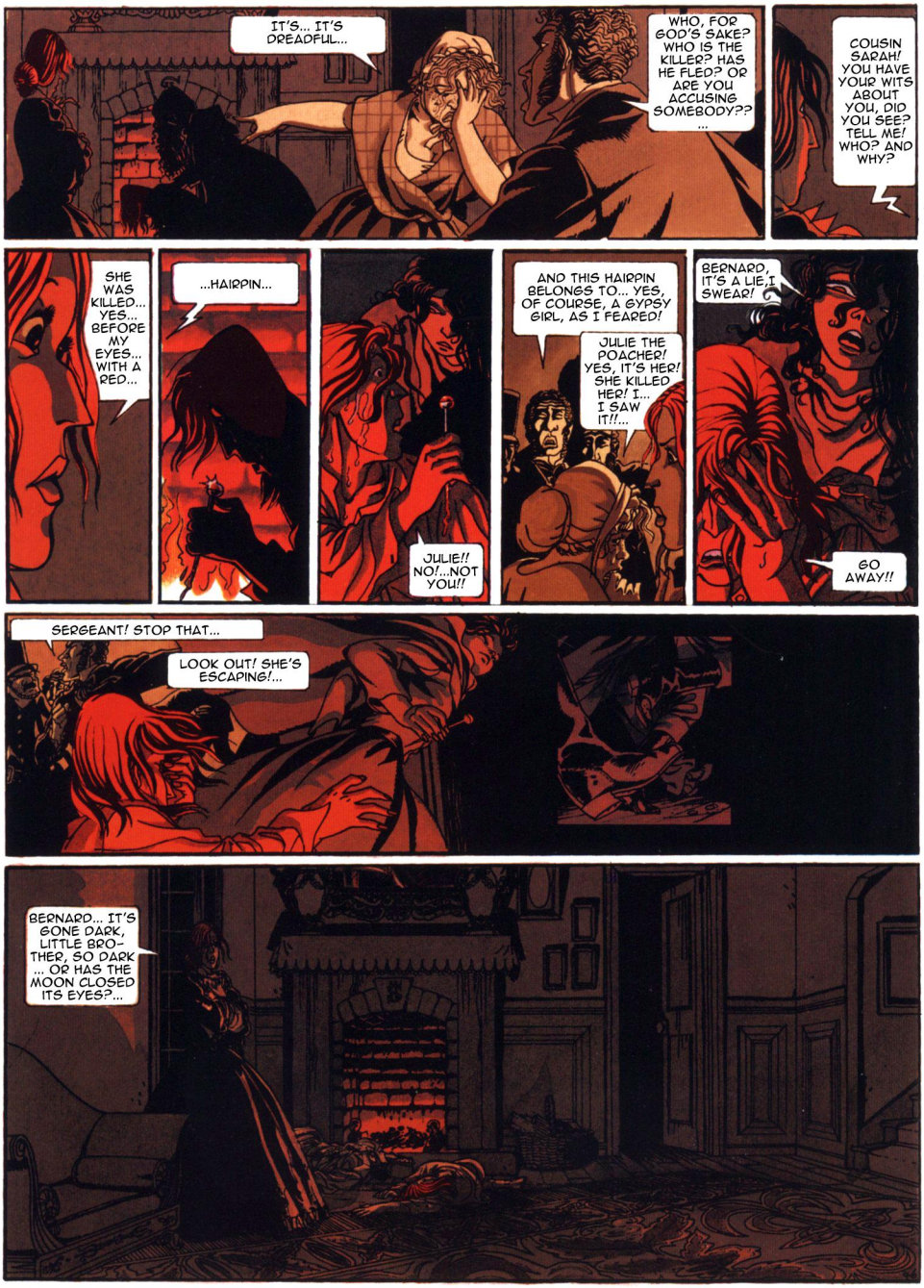
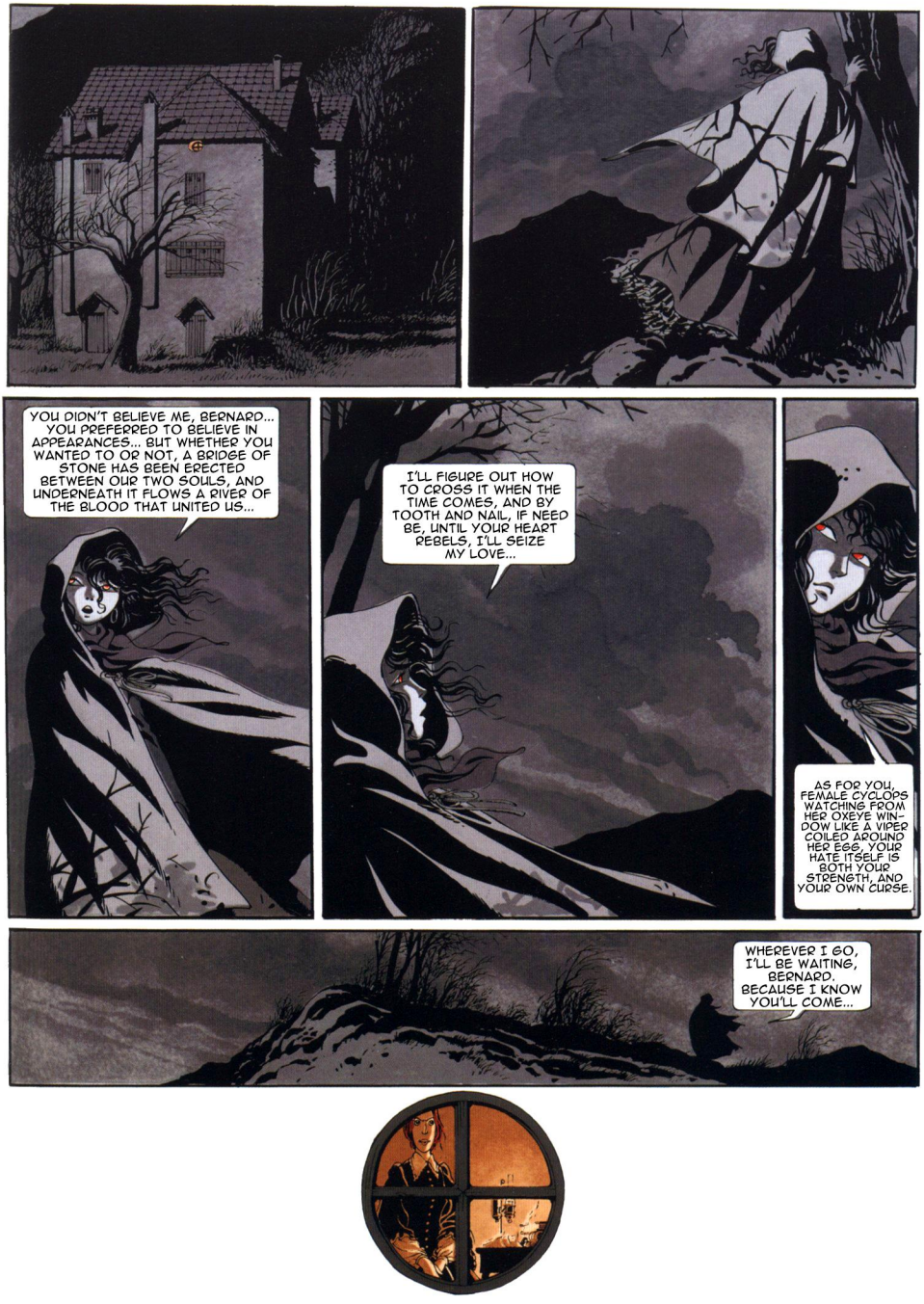
SARAH! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? DROP THAT IMMEDIATELY!
MOTHER! THIS GIRL IS A DEMON WHO HAS INFILTRATED OUR FAMILY TO SOW MISFORTUNE AND DESOLATION! LOOK AT HER EYES!!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
HER EYES ARE THE COLOR OF BLOOD! THEY CRY HATE AND VENGEANCE OF AN ABHORRENT RACE! REMEMBER FATHER'S WRITINGS!!...
READ OF THESE THREATS UPON THE LAST OF THE SAMBRES! BEHOLD! FATHER HAD PREDICTED IT ALL!
WELL? HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW TO READ?
..."FOR THE DESCENDANTS OF THE WITHERED, FIRE-EYED TRIBE WILL SEIZE THEIR VENGEANCE BY FIRE AND IRON, TOOTH AND NAIL UNTIL THEY ARE BROUGHT TO THE EXECUTIONER"!
MY POOR LITTLE GIRL...
HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND? YOU SEEMED SO STRONG, SO REASONABLE...
MOTHER! I BEG OF YOU!!
HOW COULD YOU TAKE SUCH NONSENSE SERIOUSLY?
MOTHER! NO!!
MY POOR, DEAR SARAH! YOUR FATHER LOST HIS MIND BEFORE HIS LIFE, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? HE WAS MAD! MAD!!

THAT SOUNDED LIKE... A WOMAN'S SCREAM...
BERNARD! THERE YOU ARE! IT'S... IT'S HORRIBLE...
STOP! IT'S TOO LATE!...

...TOO LATE!!...
MOTHER ?
THEY KILLED THE MISTRESS! THEY KILLED HER!


IT'S... IT'S DREADFUL...
WHO, FOR GOD'S SAKE? WHO IS THE KILLER? HAS HE FLED? OR ARE YOU ACCUSING SOMEBODY?? ...
COUSIN SARAH! YOU HAVE YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU, DID YOU SEE? TELL ME! WHO? AND WHY?
SHE WAS KILLED... YES... BEFORE MY EYES... WITH A RED...
...HAIRPIN...
JULIE!! NO!...NOT YOU!!
AND THIS HAIRPIN BELONGS TO... YES, OF COURSE, A GYPSY GIRL, AS I FEARED!
JULIE THE POACHER! YES, IT'S HER! SHE KILLED HER! I... I SAW IT!!...
BERNARD, IT'S A LIE, I SWEAR!
GO AWAY!!
SERGEANT! STOP THAT...
LOOK OUT! SHE'S ESCAPING!...
BERNARD... IT'S GONE DARK, LITTLE BROTHER, SO DARK ... OR HAS THE MOON CLOSED ITS EYES?...


YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE ME, BERNARD... YOU PREFERRED TO BELIEVE IN APPEARANCES... BUT WHETHER YOU WANTED TO OR NOT, A BRIDGE OF STONE HAS BEEN ERECTED BETWEEN OUR TWO SOULS, AND UNDERNEATH IT FLOWS A RIVER OF THE BLOOD THAT UNITED US...
I'LL FIGURE OUT HOW TO CROSS IT WHEN THE TIME COMES, AND BY TOOTH AND NAIL, IF NEED BE, UNTIL YOUR HEART REBELS, I'LL SEIZE MY LOVE...
AS FOR YOU, FEMALE CYCLOPS WATCHING FROM HER OXEYE WINDOW LIKE A VIPER COILED AROUND HER EGG, YOUR HATE ITSELF IS BOTH YOUR STRENGTH, AND YOUR OWN CURSE.
WHEREVER I GO, I'LL BE WAITING, BERNARD. BECAUSE I KNOW YOU'LL COME...